

'Cause We Feel Young and Wild by FrazzledSquidz

Series: [We'll Keep Together and Make it Better \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

Jonathan groaned and arched his back, feeling like his whole body was spring-loaded. “Oh god please, please Nancy.”

“Please what?” She smiled invitingly, and Jonathan suddenly thought of that moment she held a gun to Steve’s head to try and protect him from a monster.

“Tell her to fuck you,” Steve whispered into his ear, biting the shell of it again.

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“Ready?” Nancy breathed, grinning through the flush in her cheeks and the haze in her eyes.

Jonathan swallowed nervously, but nodded. He was on his back and Nancy was poised over his lap. But also they were naked and she had stretched herself and then had slipped a condom on him and he felt like he was going to explode from desire and anticipation. And Steve was *not* helping, stretched out beside Jonathan whispering filthy things in his ear and petting his chest.

“Just relax, sweetheart,” Steve murmured in his ear, gripping the bottom of his dick and holding it steady for Nancy. God he hated when Steve called him things like that, except for the fact that he really, really didn’t.

Nancy reached back and pulled her thick hair over one shoulder, biting her lip as she slowly lowered herself down onto him. Jonathan gasped and threw his head back at the tight, wet heat that engulfed him, feeling like his heart was going to explode in his chest. He was endlessly thankful that Steve had already gotten him off once and was currently holding him tightly, otherwise this whole endeavor wouldn’t have lasted very long.

Jonathan groaned and rubbed one palm over his face while the other desperately grabbed for Steve’s hand at his side as Nancy sat fully, sighing and looking as pleased as he’d ever seen her.

Steve gripped his hand tightly and chewed on his shoulder, like a damn kitten. “How does he feel, Nance?”

“Incredible,” she replied, smiling brightly and making Jonathan whimper in response.

Steve finally let go of his dick and started rubbing at his belly and chest again with his free hand. “Better hold on, Byers. She’s gonna rock your world.”

Nancy hummed in response and, bracing her hands on her own

thighs, started rocking herself back and forth. As she picked up the pace, Jonathan covered his eyes with his hand and fought back the embarrassing sounds bubbling up in his chest, his whole body already twitching up towards her desperately.

“You should let us hear you,” Steve murmured, nipping at his shoulders, his collarbone, his neck. “It’s fucking hot, Byers. The way you moan and yell.” A low whine escaped him unbidden, but Steve rewarded him by pressing their joined hands against his own erection, smearing precum along the back of Jonathan’s hand. “See? I bet if you ask her nicely, Nance will go faster.”

Jonathan pushed his bangs back as he looked up at Nancy wantonly, the girl obviously enjoying herself. “F-faster?”

“Can you imagine?” Steve whispered, biting at the shell of his ear. “It’s like the best hand job you’ve ever given yourself, except a million times better.”

“You have to ask for it, though,” Nancy teased, stopping suddenly, dancing her fingertips along his quivering stomach.

Jonathan groaned and arched his back, feeling like his whole body was spring-loaded. “Oh god please, please Nancy.”

“Please what?” She smiled invitingly, and Jonathan suddenly thought of that moment she held a gun to Steve’s head to try and protect him from a monster.

“Tell her to fuck you,” Steve whispered into his ear, biting the shell of it again.

Jonathan felt his blush deepen terribly. “Please f-fuck me.”

Nancy beamed and winked. “You got it babe.” Bracing her hands on his stomach, she started riding him in earnest, pulling gasping cries out of him mercilessly.

“That’s it,” Steve encouraged, rubbing his dick along their joined hands again, bringing his free hand up to run his nails along his pecs. “You make her so hot. She told me. She just wants to pin you down and show you how much pleasure you can experience.”

“St-Steve,” he whined, needing the other boy to stop before he exploded. He lost his words though, and covered his eyes with his hand again, as if doing so could help him block out the pleasure overwhelming his system. His hips bucked helplessly into Nancy, and she moaned in pleasure at his participation.

“Can you imagine how full she feels?” Steve asked, starting to twist and pull at his nipples. “How good she feels having that much power over you?” He bit at the hand covering Jonathan’s face, and he withdrew it in surprise. Steve’s eyes were as black as they could be, wild with desire. “One day that’ll be us, Byers. Except you’ll be the one riding me, making me scream.”

An “*Oh!*” ripped itself from the depths of Jonathan’s chest as he arched his back and his orgasm swallowed him whole, pleasure crashing into him like a train.

Nancy hummed in pleasure, sliding off of him and deftly and pulling the condom off. Jonathan closed his eyes, trying to catch his breath, feeling Steve untangle their hands and dropping a kiss on his shoulder.

“Your turn?” he heard Nancy asked Steve brightly, then the sound of another condom opening. Jonathan sighed and squirmed as his dick tried to get hard again, too soon after his last orgasm. She had them wrapped around her little finger, but Jonathan wouldn’t have it any other way.

“Maybe I’ll take you like this, Byers.”

Jonathan opened his eyes and gaped at Steve lining himself up behind Nancy, the girl braced on all fours. Her hands were on either side of Jonathan’s hips while her knees rested on the bed between his legs. She moaned lowly as Steve moved forward, closing her eyes and tossing her hair back, pushing her own hips back to meet him.

“What do you think?” Steve asked Jonathan, grinning at him over Nancy’s slender shoulder as all the breath tried to leave his body. Steve gathered up Nancy’s hair in a loose hold with his left hand, his right gripping her hip, and he started to fuck her in earnest.

Nancy's moans deepened, and Jonathan was transfixed by the sight of her small breasts undulating with their movements.

"She looks cute and innocent," Steve mused, sweat starting to bead along his chest. "But our Nance loves a good hard fuck, don't you?"

"Promises, promises," Nancy shot back, opening her eyes and raising an eyebrow at the boy behind her as Jonathan's mouth went dry.

He looked like the Cheshire Cat as he yanked back on her hair and started to pound into her harder. Nancy cried out and pushed her hands deeper into the mattress for leverage, blushing all the way down her chest fetchingly.

Jonathan gasped, his dick starting to show an interest in the proceedings even though he already felt wrung-out and too sensitive. Watching Steve fuck Nancy while they were both between his legs, though, largely left him without a say in the matter.

"I'd bet you'd feel just like her," Steve pushed out, panting heavily. "Tight and hot and wet. Everyone deserves a good fuck every now and then. I'm *dying* to let you know how damn good this feels."

Jonathan whimpered but Nancy grit out a "Pretty full of himself, isn't he?" despite her obvious pleasure. God they loved to wind each other up.

"With good reason," Steve responded cheerfully, pulling her hair back and encouraging her to sit up on her knees, back pressed against his chest. Jonathan felt like he could barely breathe as she moaned deeply, breath hitching as Steve slid even deeper into her and resumed his frantic pace. "Make her scream, Byers," Steve demanded. "Rub her clit."

Jonathan swallowed thickly and scrambled up onto his knees, shuffling closer to them. He didn't have any idea where such a thing might be, but he was determined to find out. He bit his lip as he touched two fingers to the red heat of Nancy, spread out around Steve's dick. He slowly dragged his fingers up, curling them just inside the folds at the top of her vagina, and received a loud shriek and a hand gripping his shoulder in response.

“Good boy,” Steve panted and grinned.

Breathing out slowly through his mouth, Jonathan started to rub that spot harder, making Nancy cry out loudly and grip his other shoulder as well, digging her nails into his skin.

“J-Jonathan!” she screamed, voice hitting an impressively high octave as she shoved herself back against Steve, forward into Jonathan’s fingers, then hit her orgasm, thighs and stomach shaking from the force of it.

He pulled away at the same time Steve slid out, and Nancy collapsed gratefully into Jonathan’s chest, panting like she’d just finished a race. He sat back, pulling her into his lap, as Steve disposed of the condom, still rock hard. “You okay?”

A frantic laugh escaped her and she dug her sweaty forehead into his chest. “God I can’t wait to do that again.” Nancy sat back and pushed her tangled hair from her face, looking over at Steve. “You didn’t come, babe?”

Steve shrugged, looking just as carefree as he always did, even with his erection bobbing out for all the world to see. “That’s okay. I was actually kinda hoping to come in Byers’ mouth.”

The “yes” fell out from behind Jonathan’s lips before he even had time to consciously think about it, desire spiking through him sharply.

Nancy sighed happily and fell back against the bed, rubbing her thighs together. “God we’re so good at this.”

Steve looked delighted at Jonathan’s response, moving to sit on the edge of the bed. “Are you sure?”

“Yes,” he repeated, shuffling closer. “What- how’s the best way to...?”

Steve leaned forward and pushed a kiss onto Jonathan’s cheekbone, which was just so endearing Jonathan thought he might cry a little. After he got Steve off. “Probably for you to kneel on the floor while I sit on the bed. Here,” he grabbed a pillow at the top of the bed and handed it to him. “For your knees.”

Grateful, Jonathan positioned the pillow on the floor then himself between Steve's legs, head reeling at the musky smell of him. He'd had Steve in his mouth before, but only very briefly, just a taste. "Let me know if I mess anything up, okay?" Jonathan asked him seriously. He wanted this to be good for him.

A small, incredulous-sounding laugh escaped Steve. "I really don't think that's gonna be a problem, buddy."

Jonathan pushed his hair back from his face, even though it just fell back in his eyes again, and loosely grabbed Steve's hips. The other boy sighed and leaned back on his hands, dick twitching earnestly. Jonathan had no idea how to start, but remembered when Nancy did this to him once and decided to try and mimic the experience. Hadn't she said that was how Steve liked this done anyway?

Jonathan grabbed the base and gently brought Steve's dick closer to his mouth, leaning forward and smearing the flat of his tongue along the head and one side of it. He heard a shuddering breath escape Steve and thought that was probably good, so he repeated the motion. Steve tasted salty, but not unbearably so. Jonathan suckled at the head, and that drew an even better sound from Steve. It made Jonathan feel powerful, made him feel desired.

Jonathan pulled back enough to cover his teeth with his lips, then slowly sank down onto Steve until his lips met his hand, where he was still gripping him. It was a little uncomfortable, but not as bad as he would've thought. Remembering how good it felt to be inside Nancy, Jonathan started to bob his head slowly. After getting used to the feeling, and becoming heady from Steve's choked-off moans, he decided to try and speed up.

"Holy *shit*," he heard Steve whisper emphatically above him, and Jonathan glanced up enough to meet Steve's eyes. They were wide and shone with desperation. It was a beautiful look on him. Steve groaned heartily and fell back, hips twitching wildly under Jonathan's hand. His jaw was starting to ache a little and he was drooling pretty badly, so Jonathan decided to try and hurry him along.

It only took about another minute before Steve's frantic noises took

on a different note, and suddenly there was a hand pushing Jonathan's head back. He looked up and opened his mouth to ask if he had done something wrong when Steve suddenly gasped and came all over his face in great, hot spurts.

"Shit," Steve wheezed, looking terrified. "Fuck, Jonathan, I am so sorry."

Jonathan sat back and wiped the back of his hand over his face, feeling only vaguely perturbed. "It's okay." Curious, even though he would never do this with his own junk, he licked it. It tasted weird and kind of reminded him of seafood.

He looked up when he heard Nancy moan and found her on her back on the bed, a pillow clamped between her thighs and her fingers in her mouth. Steve just looked stunned, like Jonathan had punched the lights out of him again.

"Fuck, Byers," Steve murmured emphatically, sliding onto the floor in front of him and grabbing his face. "You're gonna be the death of me." And then his tongue was deep in Jonathan's mouth, and at first he worried at that Steve could taste his own junk, before he stopped caring about everything altogether other than kissing him back.

Eventually the lack of air hit a critical level and they parted, panting heavily and staring at each other. Jonathan cleared his throat nervously. "So that... that was okay?"

A small laugh escaped Steve as he met Jonathan's eyes, looking bemused and fond at the same time. "Uh, yeah, man. That was more than okay." His eyes drifted upwards. "You got spunk in your hair. Let's go shower and I'll take care of this, hmm?" *This* being the erection Jonathan had developed while blowing Steve.

He glanced up at Nancy, who was still up on the bed and grinding against the pillow slowly, looking dazed and happy. "You guys go on. I definitely need another orgasm."

Laughing, Steve stood up and offered a hand to Jonathan. "You heard the lady."

Steve's shower wasn't really big enough for two people, but they made it work. Jonathan was crazy sensitive from his *two* orgasms earlier, but Steve coated his hand in soap before pinning Jonathan back against the wall, so that felt pretty good. At some point Steve became hard again and the two started sharing lazy, open-mouthed kisses as they jerked each other off. Jonathan came first with small whimper, the sound of which triggered Steve to come messily against his stomach just moments after.

Eventually they got clean and dry and came back out into Steve's room, Nancy curled up under the covers and glowing with satisfaction and joy. She grinned happily as they joined her on either side, limbs and hair tangling, the smell of them still thick in the room.

Jonathan closed his eyes and pressed his lips to Nancy's forehead, feeling Steve's hand on his hip, and wondered how he could photograph these moments so they could always stay close to him.

Author's Note:

I believe that I can make you scream - for me.

Wild by Royal Teeth (also where the title was taken from)